Tether

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Characters:	[TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)](#), [Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF)](#)
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Tether

by ChelseaFrown (orphan_account)

Summary

After the fire, The nightmares stick around.

(This is part of a series, it probably won't make sense to be read alone.)

Notes

Flufftober day 3: Nightmares: I can't lose you | Late Nights

Or: Tommy in the NLT universe needs more comfort than was shown.

See the end of the work for more

Tommy had long since given up on the idea of a good night's sleep. Somewhere between his parents house and Margaret's, the nightmares had become something of a comforting constant, the only thing that was certain. He didn't enjoy waking up after vividly imagining his loved ones dying, but he'd grown used to it.

Tonight, though, the dreams had left him too anxious to go back to sleep. He could tell it was late, maybe even early, but his heart was pounding in his chest and he swore the smell of smoke lingered in the room, clinging to his skin despite the months that had passed since the fire.

The fire that his brothers hadn't even gotten hurt in. He was the only one who was suffering the physical consequences of Wilbur's inability to cook, and still, his brain was convinced every time he woke up that he'd somehow failed to protect the two idiots.

He could hear their screaming echo in his ears as if it was playing on loop. And even though in reality the only screams he'd heard that morning had been his own, his anxiety wouldn't accept that, so here he was, awake, drenched in sweat and fighting the urge to check on them.

Thankfully, he didn't have to, because Techno pushed open his door only a few minutes after he'd woken up.

"Tommy? Why are you awake?" He whispered, stepping into the room with a frown. "Are you okay?"

"I- you're okay, right?" Tommy asked, staring at the man as if he were somehow hiding an injury. Techno just gave him a small smile.

"I'm fine, kid. So are Wilbur and Dad." Tommy nodded, wrapping his arms tightly around himself. "Nightmare?"

"I- yeah. I know, like, in my brain, that you weren't in the fire, but-" Tommy's voice cracked. "I keep seeing the walls falling, all the smoke and the flames everywhere, and I thought you were in there, I- I was so sure, Tech, and Wil had asked for you, and I failed, and you got stuck inside and there was nothing I could do,"

"Tommy, kid-" Technoblade moved forward, kneeling next to Tommy's bed. "Hey, look at me." Tommy listened. "I wasn't there, okay? I'm right here, I'm just fine. Everyone is okay."

"But what if-"

"You can't do that to yourself, Theseus. You can't torture yourself with the what-if's. Sure, there's a universe somewhere where I was in the house. But in this universe? I was in town, Dad was at work, and we all survived. You did everything you could have done and more, kid."

"I keep-" Tommy took a shuddering breath. "I keep waking up and it's so quiet, and for a minute it feels like I'm all alone, like I lost all of you. I can't- I don't know what I would do, Tech. I can't lose you, I would never be able to live with myself, I'm so fucking scared-"

"Tommy. Kid. We're not going anywhere, okay? I promise. You aren't going to lose us."
Tommy let out a choked laugh.

"God, I feel so stupid, I'm such a baby-"

"No." Technoblade said with complete finality. "Tommy, what happened that day, what happened to you, what horrible. It was terrifying. You've lived seventeen years where you've had to be strong, I get it, but you don't have to put up those walls with us, okay? You're allowed to be scared, kid. You can seek comfort, you can be as afraid as you are, and we are never going to judge you for it. You almost died, and you did so trying to save the life of someone who you cared about. Grown adults don't have the courage to do that. You are not a baby for being affected by it, okay?"

"I-"

"This is the part where you agree with me," Technoblade said flatly.

"Okay." Tommy said with a smile.

"Good. Now, do you want me to stay here with you while you get more sleep, or do you want me to leave you alone?"

"Please-" Tommy hesitated. "I… please don't go."

"Of course not. Scoot over, if I'm staying you're sharing the bed."

"Wait, I didn't agree to that!"

"Too bad, nerd. Older brother privilege means I'm allowed to commandeer any piece of furniture I see fit."

"I changed my mind! Go away!" Tommy laughed, shoving playfully at Technoblade as he flopped down onto the bed with a huff.

"Hmmm… no. Get good, loser."

Tommy giggled at him for a minute before laying back onto his pillow.

"Hey, Tech?"

"Yeah?"

"Thanks."

"Any time, Toms. You never even have to ask."

End Notes

Hi hello! If you wanna see more of my work or just generally wanna yell at me, you can find me on Twitter at FrownChelsea!

If you feel the need to critique, do it somewhere else.

Check out the rest of the Flufftober prompts @ Tomseus on twitter!!

Check out the rest of the NLT universe in the Freedom Series!

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